

## Daddy's Dirty Little Dolly

September 2021

"Hey, fellas! Come on, come right on in. Yep, this is the right place!"

My heart beats quicker at the sound of the front door creaking, and Daddy's welcoming voice, and the sound of unfamiliar masculine voices... and then the thudding of multiple pairs of feet. It's happening. It's really happening. Daddy's friends are here to visit – and I am not anywhere close to being the normal, bubbly, well-adjusted thirty-year-old Amanda most people know.

Yeah, about the age. Strike the zero, then cut it in half... and then in half again. I suppose nine months is closer to what I look – and feel – like right now.

I gaze up at the ceiling in rising anxiety, suddenly acutely aware of every babyish sensation around me. There's the softness of the blanket beneath me, shielding me from the rough surface of our living room carpet. There's the warm cotton embrace of my onesie, pink and covered with the sweetest little strawberries and proclaiming in cursive letters across the chest that I am nothing less than a "Sweetie". There's the yielding, rubbery comfort of the pacifier filling my mouth, and the reassuring, rhythmic pressure of the cool plastic guard against my cheeks as I unconsciously suckle. And of course, there's the ever-present bulk of my diaper: bulging between my legs, filling out my onesie, swaddling my nether regions with its secure, inescapable... and yes, already damp embrace.

Oh, and I guess there's also the plug in my booty, too – which despite its very adult bulk inside me, Daddy has assured me is actually an integral part of my baby training. *How* exactly is unknown to me, though now and then I do have my suspicions...

"Sure, make yourselves at home! Go on, have a seat. Hey, sweetie-pie! Look – we have company today! Isn't this so nice? Mister Scott and Devin came over to see us and say hi!"

I blink up at the trio of faces staring down at me, and I clutch my stuffed bunny tighter in a sudden, instinctive wave of apprehension. Sure, Daddy and I have agreed to this beforehand. Adult me has known perfectly well that a fellow kinky couple is coming over this weekend to visit and to learn tips from my Daddy about how to deal with Littles. So naturally, I said yes to being in full baby mode when they arrived.

That doesn't mean my little 9-month-old self – her name is Dolly, by the way – isn't a bit scared by all the attention.

"Aww, she's so cute!" the big one called Scott exclaims, grinning down at me with the unmistakable expression of a daddy dom: that heady mixture of friendly attentiveness, condescension, and a whiff of sadism. "I love the pacifier, Dean. Where the heck did you find it?" I close my eyes and wriggle in embarrassment, for though little Dolly certainly can't read, big girl Amanda can... and she now recalls the button of her pacifier that proudly proclaims the user to be a "Sucker for Daddy."

"Get me one in blue or green, and Devin here might just have a new binkie! I bet you'd like that, buddy, wouldn't you?" At this his companion, who until now has been shyly regarding me with silent and wide, half-embarrassed eyes, glances quickly up and flushes. "Um... yeah." And then, as if suddenly remembering his manners, he glances down at the floor and says the words we Littles know and love. "Yes, Daddy..."

My own eyes scan this blushing Little above me, and I am gratified to detect what has to be the subtle swell of training pants, or perhaps even a diaper, beneath his green shorts. Well, at least I'm not the only diaper-butt here today... even if I am definitely the littlest.

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Though now I'm beginning to think this visit starting to become much more than I anticipated.

"Oh, messing? Yeah, he's quite a little stinker!" Scott is laughing, and my own Daddy joins in. Lying here on the sofa with my head in Daddy's lap and my milk bottle firmly in my mouth, I can no longer see Devin's face – but he must be squirming and blushing furiously. "How about her? I bet you change your fair share of messes..."

"Actually, you'd be surprised," my Daddy says, and I blink up mutely, suckling uncomfortably as I hear him discussing my toileting – or lack thereof. "I've been having the hardest time getting her used to messy pants. I mean, not that we want to keep her messy..."

"No, of course not," Scott interjects, and I see Daddy's head nodding above me. "Right? But I mean, hello! What real baby doesn't wind up in a messy diaper?" I squirm as he glances momentarily down into my eyes. "The thing is, when she was a biological baby, she was apparently one of those really neat freak kids. Like, her mom says she literally potty-trained herself – kept taking off her diapers and insisting she was a big girl..."

I writhe silently as the laughter fills the room. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Not so much now," Daddy goes on with an affectionate pat of my padded crotch. "But you know, I've been working out a little plan to help her. And actually, if you two don't mind, I'd love to give it a try while you're here..."

*Uh-oh! Daddy, what are you going to do-?*

I'm in full-blown baby mode, though – full of milk and drowsiness and wordless trust – so even if Daddy's words do cause me an initial stab of anxiety, there isn't truly any part of me that wants to bring things to a halt. So as he removes the bottle gently from my mouth and replaces my pacifier, and as he eases me up from his lap and lets me sag back down onto the couch, I merely wriggle and kick in regressed silence.

"Now Daddy needs to take care of something down here, honey," Daddy is saying. "Hold on, I'll be right back..." He's gone, but before I can do more than suckle mutely and gaze into the faces of our two guests, he's returning and I feel his deft fingers beginning to unfasten my onesie's snaps.

"I know this thing looks kind of crazy..." Daddy's voice is tinged with excitement and amusement. "But believe me, it's exactly what we need. Heh, I even tested it out on myself the other day, just to make sure it's safe..." My diaper, thick and soggy from my dribbling bladder, is on full display – and then fresh tugging and the ripping sound of tapes being undone warns me that I'm being changed... or something.

"Oh, a plug? That's fun," Scott's voice is interested, and I'm blushing as I feel Daddy's fingers slipping past my shaven princess parts and back to the rubber plug filling me. "Yeah, it's nothing super girthy," I hear, even as it begins to withdraw and slip out from my bum. "Good girl," Daddy commends with an affectionate pat of my bare thigh. "Just relax, sweetie. Let it all come out..."

I find I'm nursing fervently on my pacifier. This is intense – a public diaper change – and though I've experienced it once or twice before, something about the plug and the fact that I'm being used as some sort of demonstration has me almost trembling with subby, regressed emotion. *I'm baby-Daddy changie- Good baby-*

"And now for the fun..."

Something's slipping into my bum once more: something rubbery and soft. There's the strangest sensation now, a sensation of gentle, insistent pressure, and a silently growing fullness deep within me. *Daddy, what- Daddy-*

"There, that should do it! Now, then, fire in the hole-"

Daddy's joking, but I'm too busy wondering what he's doing with my diaper right now to dwell on it. *He's- Daddy, he's- But me- Me wet-* He's taping me back into my soggy diaper! "Of, she's not nearly wet enough to change," he's explaining to his friends, and apparently to me as well. "Are you, sweetie? Now, why don't you go play with your toys, hmm? Here, let Daddy help you..."

As his fingers finish with my onesie snaps and he eases me down to the floor once more, I roll slowly onto my belly – only to find that I've made a *massive* mistake. There's something incredibly odd going on in my belly. Driven by the pressure of the carpet against my tummy, a sensation immediately grips me: the sensation of being full, gassy, and distressingly, uncomfortably bloated.

I struggle to my hands and knees instinctively, an inarticulate moan of surprise and displeasure escaping my pacified lips. Daddy's saying something to our guests – something about no air bubbles, and sterilizing, and making sure the temperature is just right – but I can't focus on their animated conversation. I'm baby, first of all: a milk-drowsed, subby baby who trusts and needs her Daddy. But more than that, I'm apparently a gassy baby: a baby with a very rumbley tummy, a baby who is suddenly feeling an urgent, overpowering need to make a mess.

I've felt suppositories once before, and enemas, too. This is nothing like either. This is heavier, fuller, more akin to a desperate, gut-churning case of the runs than any burning suppository or watery enema ever gives. There's no burning: just a sudden, warm pressure mushrooming in my belly-

Actually, make that in my diaper.

How on earth I seem to have lost all control is a mystery to me. How on earth I'm kneeling here on hands and knees, a onesie-clad and binkie-suckling baby, feeling my diaper fill and sag and swell with a massive, uncontrollable load of mush, is incomprehensible. Maybe it's because I'm so deep in Little space. Maybe it's because of the magic Daddy has worked on me just now. Or maybe I'm really, truly becoming a dribbly, stinky little baby who literally can no longer control herself?

When the stomach-churning torrent finally stops, I come to my senses and find Daddy smiling down at me. "Aww, did little Dolly make a mess?" he beams. Then, as the realization dawns on me and I'm overcome with wide-eyed revulsion at what I've just done, he leans in and plants a loving kiss on my forehead. "Honey, it's just oatmeal," he reassures me softly – and then pulls me up and

onto onto his lap. "It's just oatmeal Daddy pumped up inside you: nice and soft and warm. No poo-poo, no real stinkies this time..."

So it's with an unexpected rush of relief and gratitude that I feel the warm mush spreading and smearing beneath me. And as it does so, and as I feel my bladder give way and add a fresh wave of warmth to my sagging, squishing diaper, I feel my mind tumbling down steeply, falling deeper into Littlespace than I've ever gone before. *I'm mush-tush. I'm baby. Daddy's baby. Daddy's dirty diaper baby. Just happens- can't help it-*

A baby who can't even help it, it turns out, when Daddy offers to let his friend Scott bounce her on his knee. A baby who simply suckles her pacifier and gazes in mute, wide-eyed helplessness at the staring Little beside her.